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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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Henrietta ...



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RENS



FRONTISPIECE



Richard and his Brother

see page 1

THE
KEEPSAKE;

OR,

POEMS AND PICTURES

FOR

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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## THE KEEPSAKE.

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### RICHARD AND HIS BROTHER.

**R**ICHARD, come and play with me,  
Underneath the willow tree ;  
Sitting in its peaceful shade,  
We'll sing the song papa has made,  
Whilst its drooping branches spread,  
Stretching far above our head,  
Sweetly tempering the blaze  
Of the sun's meridian rays.  
There the rose and violet blow,  
The lily with her bell of snow,



And the richly scented woodbine,  
Round about its trunk doth twine;  
There the busy bee shall come,  
And gather sweets to carry home.  
Oh, how happy we shall be,  
Underneath the willow tree!



## SLEEPY MARY.

MARY, raise that sleepy head,  
For the lark doth carol high,  
And the sun has left his bed—  
Mary, ope that sleepy eye.

Come, and let me wash you clean,  
Brush your hair and tie your frock:  
There's your sister Geraldine,  
Waiting at the mossy rock.

*to face p. 2*



*Sleepy Mary*





Hark ! the little chicken's cries,  
Loudly call for Mary's care,  
But if the sluggard will not rise,  
George their breakfast shall prepare.

Who shall get the fresh-laid egg,  
To place beside her father's cup?  
Who shall pour the tea, I beg,  
If my Mary is not up?



## MARY'S LESSON.

Come, little Mary, come to me,  
And say your lesson on my knee;  
Your book is there, the pointer in it,  
All ready to begin this minute.



What! pout your lip, and scream and cry,  
And say, "I won't, I can't."—Oh fie!  
Then go, and in that corner stay,  
Till sobs and tears have pass'd away;  
Till you can come with voice more mild,  
And say, "Mamma, forgive your child."

What little girl is this, whose eyes  
Smile through her tears, while thus she cries?  
"My dear mamma, I love you, pray  
Forgive your child, and let me say  
My lesson, standing at your knee,  
'Then give a kind sweet kiss to me."  
It is my Mary! now her look  
Is turn'd attentive to her book,  
And now her lesson she has read,  
Her task without a fault is said,  
Mamma's best kiss she now has won,  
So well her lesson she has done.





to face pa. 5



*Mary's Lesson*



She's happy now, and good and gay,  
And joins her sisters at their play;  
There on the grass they skip, they sing,  
Till all the hills and valleys ring.



## EDWARD

THOUGHT HE KNEW BETTER THAN HIS MAMMA.

BRIGHTLY shines the winter's sun,  
O'er mountains clad with snow,  
Blithe and gay the youthful throng  
Sport in the plains below.

"Come," the venturous Edward cries,  
"Let's try yon glassy tide;  
Upon its smooth and frozen breast  
We'll make a glorious slide."



“ Oh, stay,” his sister Ellen said,

“ My dearest Edward, stay!

You know mamma forbade us all

To try the ice to-day.”

“ Hush! foolish Ellen, see how strong,

How firm the ice appears :

Mamma, I’m sure, if she were here,

Would banish all her fears.

“ This stone with mighty force I throw,

Nor break, nor crack you see;

Then surely I may slide secure,

It will not yield with me.”

He said, and darted o’er the stream,

Then turn’d in triumph round :

“ Come, follow me, my comrades brave,

What danger have I found?”



*Edward*





In his success exulting now,  
He leaps with sudden spring—  
It cracks! it breaks! his cries are vain,  
He plunges headlong in!

Who now the hapless boy shall snatch  
From a cold wat'ry grave?—  
Poor Ellen flies, with breathless speed,  
Her brother's life to save.

He rises half—her shawl she flings  
Into his eager hand,  
Then, with her playmate's added strength,  
She drags him safe to land.

With shivering limbs and dripping clothes,  
Homeward he pensive turns;  
He deeply now, alas! too late,  
His disobedience mourns.



For three long months poor Edward groan'd  
Upon a bed of pain ;  
'Twas three long months before he felt  
The breeze of heaven again.

These three long months did Ellen strive,  
By every tender care,  
To soften Edward's grief, and soothe  
The pain she wish'd to share.

What joy for both, when he once more  
Could join the festive throng!  
Yet oft he paus'd amid their sports,  
To think if *this* were wrong.





*to face pa.9*



*Impatient Julia*



## IMPATIENT JULIA.

“BRING me my breakfast instantly,”  
Th’ impatient Julia said;  
It came—“ ’Tis meal, ’tis nasty meal,  
When I had order’d bread!”

She tastes:—“ Oh, it is burnt,” she cried,  
“ Pray take it all away,  
And bring some fresh, and quickly too,  
Nor keep me here all day.”

Her mother passing near the door,  
O’erheard her loud commands,  
And entering met the maid, who held  
The breakfast in her hands.



“ Julia, what shameful words are those !  
What shameful conduct too !  
The milk is good, too good for those  
Who ask and speak like you.

“ From Betty now your breakfast take,  
And drink it, if you choose,  
And beg that she your haughtiness  
And passion will excuse.

“ What ! silent and perverse become ?  
Then, Betty, you may go  
And give the milk to that poor girl  
Who's in the yard below.

“ *She* spins or labours hard all day,  
Yet eats the coarsest food ;  
She's thankful for the smallest gift,  
And smiles, because she's good.



“But you, with that sad pouting lip,  
And brow o’erhung with gloom,  
May, if you please, from hence retire,  
And stay in your own room.

“No breakfast you will have to-day,  
Nor need again appear,  
Till from your brow you chase that frown,  
And from your eye the tear.

“Till you can come with cheerful mien,  
And pardon ask from me;  
Then, if you are a better girl,  
Forgiven you may be.”



## THE CUCKOO.

LITTLE cuckoo, com'st thou here,  
When the blooming spring is near,  
To sing thy song and tell thy tale,  
To every hill and every vale?

Tell me, is thy distant home  
Far across the salt sea foam?  
Or hast thou, hidden from the day,  
Slept the wintry hours away?

Welcome, cheering bird, to me,  
Where'er thy wintry mansion be,  
In the earth, or o'er the main,  
Welcome to these fields again!



*The Cuckoo*







*to face pa.13*



*Red and Black Shoes*



Short thy visit to this shore,  
April and May are quickly o'er ;  
Then, Cuckoo, chaunt thy strain in peace,  
For in June thy song shall cease.



## RED SHOES AND BLACK SHOES.

WHICH must I have, little black shoes or red  
shoes,

Little thick shoes or thin shoes, which shall  
be mine?

In winter 'tis wet, and the roads are all dirt,  
In summer 'tis dry, and the weather is fine.

Then come, little black shoes, 'tis now winter  
weather,

Your soles are so thick, you will keep me  
quite dry ;



Not a splash nor a spot can get into my stockings,  
So nice and so tight round my ancles you tie.

And you, little red shoes, so slender and thin,  
You shall wait in my draw'r till the dirt's  
gone away ;  
When I'll walk with mamma when she goes to  
the farm,  
You will never feel heavy through a long  
summer's day.

Then red shoes and black shoes, you both shall  
be mine,  
The one in the dirt I will constantly wear,  
The others in summer, when the walks are  
all dry:  
So thick shoes and thin shoes rest quietly  
here.



## THE GARDENERS.

Now the wintry winds are gone,  
See how brightly shines the sun;  
The violet sweet and primrose pale,  
Now adorn the shelter'd vale.

The pilewort rears her joyous head,  
To the sunbeam widely spread,  
Whilst her little glossy eye  
Glow with a deep and yellow dye.

To the garden we will go,  
Take the rake, the spade, the hoe,  
Dig the border nice and clean,  
And rake till not a weed be seen.



Then our radish-seed we'll sow,  
And mignonette a long, long row;  
And ev'ry flowret of the year,  
Shall have a place of shelter here.

In gay profusion they shall spread  
O'er each border and each bed,  
And when joyous May shall come,  
We'll deck the lofty pole at home.

Garlands gay in wreaths we'll twine,  
That with brightest colours shine;  
And dance around, till setting sun  
Proclaims the children's day is done.



*The Gardeners*







## LITTLE GIRL.

LITTLE girl, little girl, where are you going?  
Down in the meadow where cowslips are blowing.  
Little girl, little girl, what to do there?  
To gather a garland to deck my brown hair.  
Little girl, little girl, why all alone?  
My mother has sent me, and playmates I've none.  
Then follow me, follow me, down to yon wood,  
Where you shall find playmates both gentle and  
good;  
We'll ask them, we'll ask them to join in your play,  
And your mother shall give you a long holiday.  
From Erin, from Erin, the cotter shall bring,  
To twine a gay garland, her shamrock of spring;  
In her plaid, in her plaid, Scotia's daughter shall  
come,  
With the thistle that grows on her mountains at  
home;



The peasant, the peasant of France shall be there,  
And add to the chaplet his lily so fair;  
Dark glancing, dark glancing, the daughter of  
Spain,

With the bloom of her orange shall join the gay  
train;

And leaving, and leaving his cold northern tides,  
A plume from his eagle the Russian provides;  
Whilst England, fair England, the wreath shall  
adorn,

With her rose-bud more bright than the blushes  
of morn.

Then carol, then carol the sweet strains of peace,  
And never again may her harmony cease;  
May the dreams, may the dreams of ambition be  
o'er,

And the falchion of war be at rest evermore.





*Little Girl*



## THE BLIND BOY.

“MAMMA, what a pretty new basket you’ve got,”  
Little Emma exclaim’d with delight;  
“The straw-work below is so firm and so neat,  
And the bag such a beautiful white.”

“I am glad you approve it, my love: I myself  
Think it pretty and neat, I confess;  
And when I have told you by whom it was made,  
You will not, I think, like it less.

“You remember, no doubt, that blind boy on  
the green,  
Whose father and mother both died,  
And left him in poverty, sickness, and grief,  
Without a protector or guide.



“A kind and rich lady, who heard his sad case,  
Restor’d him to life by her aid,  
Then plac’d him secure in the house for the blind,  
And all the expences defray’d.

“There they taught him these beautiful baskets  
to make,  
With straw-work of every kind;  
And now he’s employ’d and his living can earn,  
And is useful and happy, though blind.”

“And may I believe it,” cried Emma, “that Jem,  
Who so helpless and poor us’d to be,  
Has made this nice basket without any help,  
And as neatly as if he could see?”

“As you doubt poor Jem’s powers,” her mother  
replied,

“What I’ve said to be true I must prove;  
So finish your work, get your bonnet and coat,  
And quickly come to me, my love.”



*The Blind Boy.*







Her work was soon finish'd, her books all laid by,  
Her coat and her bonnet put on,  
And joyfully taking mamma's ready hand,  
To the School for the Blind she is gone.

With delight and amazement there Emma  
beheld

Poor Jem at his daily employ;  
As he platted his basket, he sung to his work,  
And smil'd with contentment and joy.

"Ah, mamma," exclaim'd Emma, as home they  
return'd,

"Ev'ry penny you give me I'll save;  
Neither gingerbread, comfit, nor nut will I buy,  
Till a basket of Jem's I can have."



## SPRING.

WINTRY winds no longer blow,  
Far away are frost and snow ;  
Peeping from its grassy bed,  
The primrose rears its modest head ;  
And midst its leaves the violet blue,  
Scents the air and morning dew.  
Hark ! the sky-lark, mounting high,  
Carols in the clear blue sky ;  
The thrush and blackbird from the spray,  
Chaunt their blithesome roundelay ;  
The little lambkins, safe from harm,  
In their snow-white fleeces warm,  
Gambol o'er the sunny mead,  
And prove their strength, and try their speed :  
From yon grassy knoll they spring,  
And chase each other round the ring.





*Spring*



To the farm-yard we will go,  
Where they milk the hornless cow;  
Mamma will give us wine and cake,  
And a syllabub we'll make.  
Charles and Jane shall hold the bowl,  
And Margaretta milk it full:  
Each shall join to help the others,  
Like good sisters and good brothers.



## SUMMER.

WHAT does bounteous summer bring?  
The lengthen'd day and shorten'd night;  
Milder breezes softly blowing,  
Warmer suns, and skies more bright.  
Long and thick the grass is grown,  
Ready for the mower's care,  
When his scythe has laid it low,  
To the hay-field we'll repair.



Each shall have a fork and rake,  
To spread it widely to the sun:  
Many hands together join'd,  
Make the labour quickly done.

In the hedge, the woodbine twining,  
Fills the air with sweet perfume;  
The blushing rose, in gay profusion,  
Joins its fragrance and its bloom.

In the mossy hedge-row peeps,  
The strawberry with lowly head;  
We can quickly fill our baskets,  
With its berries rosy red.

Little Anna dearly loves  
Strawb'ries red, and milk so white:  
We will carry plenty home,  
On them she can sup to-night.



*Summer*







Anna loves to skip and play,  
But she can also read and spell;  
She learns with careful hand to sew,  
And she deserves her supper well.



## AUTUMN.

AUTUMN comes, her prospects glow  
With yellow fields of waving corn;  
The reaper with his sickle bright,  
Hastes to work at early morn.

Whilst the morning breezes blow,  
Through the burning sultry noon,  
And till evening dews descend,  
Still he works and labours on.



Let us seek the harvest field,  
There is work for you and me?  
We can help the sheaves to bind :  
Idle hands we need not be.

When Maria's task is done,  
We will to the nut-wood go;  
Each a bag and hooked stick,  
Down to pull the cluster'd bough.

Oh! how tempting ripe they hang:  
Softly, softly pull them down,  
Lest the bright brown nuts should fall,  
And leave the empty husk alone.

Bags and pockets all are full,  
And evening says we must not stay;  
With heavy loads we'll hasten home,  
And come again another day.



'These shall be our winter store,  
When Christmas holidays are come;  
Then round the fire we'll social be,  
And give our happy playmates some.



## WINTER.

HOWLING through the leafless trees,  
Winter calls his northern breeze.  
Do no flow'rets dare appear,  
In this season of the year?  
Yes, amidst the wintry scene,  
The daisy's lowly gem is seen;  
And tho' it boasts no varied dyes,  
The Christmas-rose a charm supplies.  
Then through the frost and through the snow,  
In a merry group we'll go,



Take our sledges and our skates,  
Winter ne'er for sluggards waits.  
We'll throw the snow-balls far and wide,  
Beneath the mountain's hoary side;  
Or build a giant tall and strong,  
With shoulders broad, and limbs as long  
As Gog and Magog in Guildhall;  
There it shall tower above us all,  
Till sun and thaw shall melt its crown,  
And bring its snowy honours down.  
And when the dark'ning eve is come,  
Fast away we'll scamper home,  
And standing close around the fire,  
The blazing faggots we'll admire,  
And sip our milk, and work and read,  
Till nurse cries out, "To bed! to bed!"



## ANNE AND EDWARD.

## PART I.

LOUDLY blows the northern wind,  
And fast the snow descends,  
Low before the driving storm,  
The slender willow bends.

Why on such a dismal night  
Does Anna ope her door,  
And in her little ragged cloak,  
Walk quickly o'er the moor?

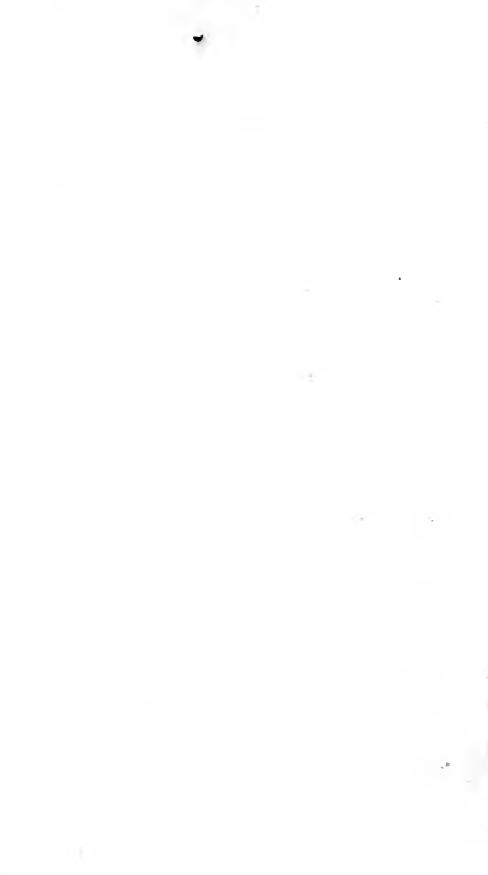
She hastens to the neighbouring town,  
To beg some friendly aid,  
To save her mother, who so sick  
And ill in bed is laid.



Her little brother by her side  
Will watch whilst Anne's away,  
And gladly, for his mother's sake,  
He leaves each favourite play.

But see how quickly Anne returns,  
A cheerful look she wears,  
And softly, underneath her cloak,  
Med'cine and food she bears.

These to her mother, day by day,  
With duteous love she gives,  
Whilst little Edward's cheerful smile,  
Her anxious care relieves.



*to follow pa. 30*



*Ann and Edward*

Part I.





*Ann and Edward*

Part II.





## ANNE AND EDWARD.

## PART II.

BRIGHT shines the sun, the gentle breeze  
In soften'd murmurs blows,  
And softly through the verdant mead,  
The little streamlet flows.

Close by yon fragrant violet bank,  
Beneath the spreading thorn,  
His mother's stool and cushion'd chair  
Are by young Edward borne.

And from the lowly cottage-door,  
With feeble steps and slow,  
Anna supports her mother's frame,  
As to the bank they go.



There, seated on her pillow'd chair,  
She breathes the balmy breeze,  
Whilst Anne and Edward quietly  
Are seated at her knees.

With merry hearts they now can meet  
Her kind approving eye,  
And to her various questions give  
A cheerful, quick reply.

They have not now her death to fear,  
But know, that time and care,  
Will soon restore their mother dear,  
To their most ardent prayer.



## GEORGE AND EDMUND.

“COME hither, George,” young Edmund cried,  
“Come quickly here to me,  
For yonder floats the little boat,  
Upon the swelling sea.

“’Tis fasten’d by a single rope,  
And there is each an oar,  
And were we once but safely in,  
We soon could push from shore.”

“Oh! go not, Edmund,” George replied,  
“The storm is rising fast,  
The forest bends, the sea-spray flies,  
Before the howling blast.”



“The wind may howl—perhaps it does,  
But not so loud as you,  
Who always scold and cry out ‘Don’t,’  
When pleasure is in view.”

In anger Edmund spoke, and turn’d  
In pride and scorn away,  
To where the boat so temptingly,  
Toss’d in the little bay.

He loos’d the rope, he seiz’d the oar,  
And vaulted o’er the side,  
And rapidly his little boat  
Flies through the stormy tide.

The wind is loud, the waves are strong,  
And vainly Edmund strives  
To guide his boat, which furiously  
The tempest onward drives.



His passion gone, his fears increase,  
And loud to George he cries;  
He looks—he listens—calls again,  
But still no George replies.

In terror now and wild affright,  
All prudence he forgets,  
And springing quick from side to side,  
The boat he oversets.

His father saw the dreadful plunge,  
His father heard his shriek;  
For George, when Edmund would not stay,  
Some aid had flown to seek.

With deperate haste he forward springs,  
And throwing off his coat,  
Plunges amid the foaming waves,  
To gain the struggling boat.



He reach'd its side, and diving down,  
Seiz'd on poor Edmund's hand,  
And senseless, through the beating surge,  
' He bore him back to land.

'Twas long ere signs of life return'd,  
Or he unclos'd his eyes,  
And longer far it was, ere he  
From his sick bed could rise.

What anguish and remorse he felt,  
What tears of sorrow shed:  
How good, how mild he vow'd to be,  
When he should leave his bed.

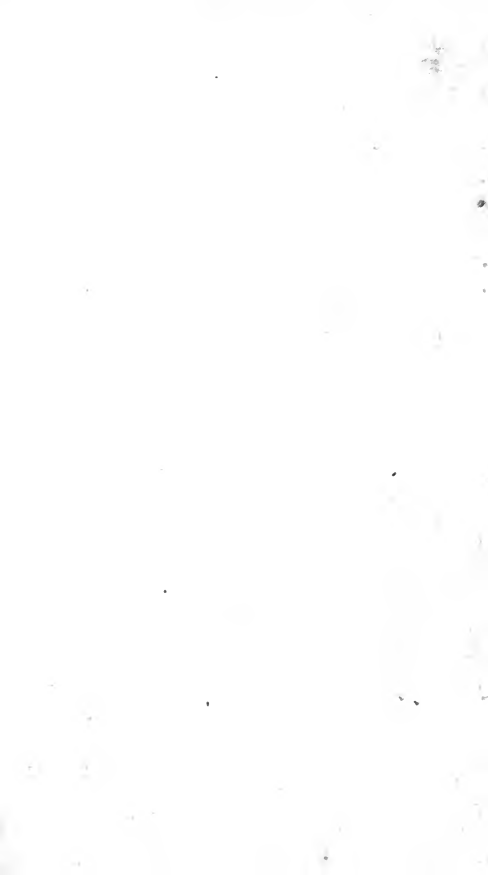
And let us hope his vow he'll keep,  
Become a steady boy,  
No more his friends or parents grieve,  
But prove their pride and joy.





*George and Edmund*







*Fanny*



## FANNY.

“O look!” the little Fanny cried,  
As wandering by her mother’s side,  
They pass’d a cottage neat tho’ poor,  
With woodbines clustering round the door;  
“Oh look, mamma, what lovely flow’rs!  
I here could stand and gaze for hours.  
That beauteous rose, those lilies fair,  
And that gay bed of tulips there!  
Oh! how I wish they all were mine,  
They’d make my empty garden shine.”  
“Your empty garden, Fanny! pray  
Have all your flow’rs been stol’n away?  
Or do you for your neighbour’s sigh,  
Because your own you leave to die?  
The little girl whose flow’rs these are,  
Watches and prunes them all with care;



She rises early, labours hard,  
And does not toil nor care regard,  
But thinks her trouble well repaid,  
If she her parents thus can aid.  
These flow'rs to market off she takes,  
And many pence by them she makes;  
You surely, therefore, would not strive  
Of this advantage to deprive  
The grateful child, who takes such pains  
To help her parents' scanty gains.  
But come, my love, we must not stay,  
That show'r will reach us on our way;  
Come, Fanny come."—"Mamma, I will,"  
But Fanny staid and linger'd still;  
Each plant and flow'r at length being view'd,  
Her way she thoughtfully pursu'd.  
A week had pass'd, when Fanny ran  
To her mamma, and thus began:  
"Mamma, when you have time, I pray  
That you would kindly walk this way,



And let me show you what last night,  
I finish'd ready for your sight."  
Mamma complies, and Fanny bounds  
Delighted, through the verdant grounds;  
With sparkling eye and step elate,  
Open she throws the garden gate,  
"And look!" she cries, in joyful tone,  
"What play-hours in one week have done;  
No weeds do now my garden spoil,  
The stones I clear'd, and turn'd the soil,  
The trees I prun'd, I planted flowers,  
And water'd them with plenteous showers:  
Perhaps, mamma, with time and care,  
Some nosegays I may hence prepare  
For that good girl, who takes such pains  
To help her parents' scanty gains."



## ALFRED.

“ How can I the south from the north ever know,  
When there is no S in the sky;  
Oh! how can I tell the east from the west,  
When not the least mark I can spy?”

His mother, who sat at her work by the fire,  
To Alfred's request thus replied:

“ Come, listen to me, and I'll soon tell you how;  
The difficult point to decide.

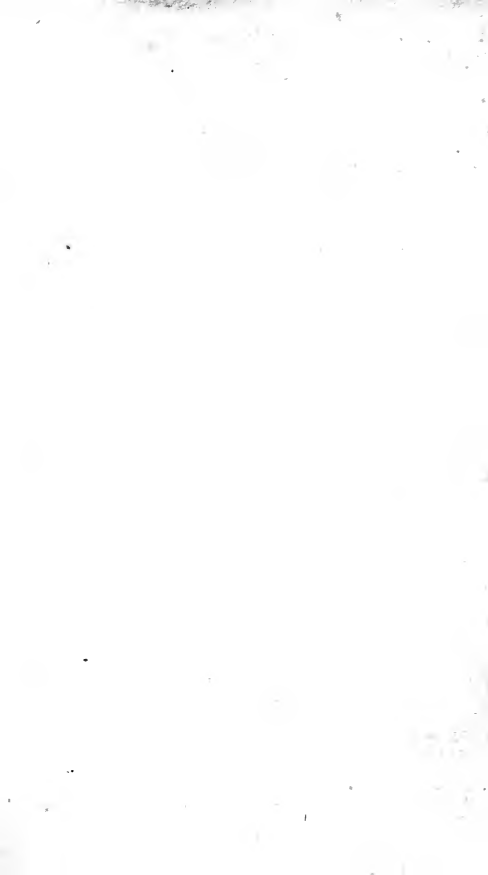
“ Wherever the sun rises, there is the east,  
Now that is both easy and clear;  
Wherever at ev'ning he sets from your view,  
The west, my beloved, is there.

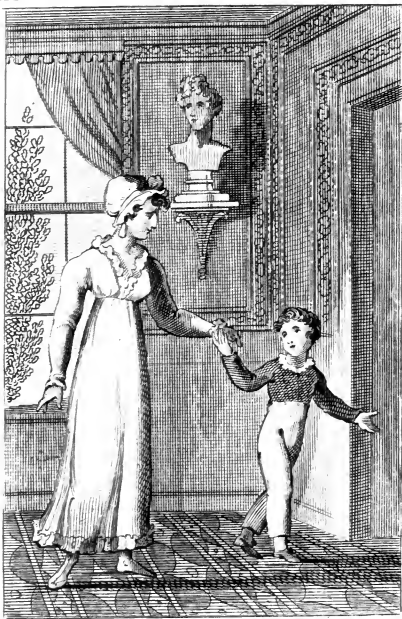




*Alfred*







*William*



“Now you know where to find both the west  
and the east,

We soon shall discover the rest:

To the left is the south, to the right is the north,  
When your face is turn'd full to the west.”



## WILLIAM.

“My dear,” cried his mother to William one day,  
As glowing and panting with heat,  
The parlour he enter'd in haste and alarm,  
And threw himself down on a seat:

“My dear, what misfortune has hurried you now,  
And brought you so soon from your play?  
Have you lost your new ball in the field or the  
pond?  
Or has your kite flown far away?”



“ My ball, my dear mother, is safe in my desk,  
My kite rides secure in the air;  
But I brought a poor boy, whom I left in the hall,  
And who claims your attention and care.

“ I found him just now, as, returning from play,  
I pass'd by the side of the wood;  
He was stretch'd on the ground, and senseless  
and pale,  
And his face was all cover'd with blood.”

“ Oh! quick let us go; sure we linger too long,”  
Cried his mother; “ my love, lead the way.”  
William bounded, all eager, and soon reach'd the  
place,  
Where reviving, but weak, his friend lay.

His bruises and wounds were examin'd with care,  
And happy was William to hear,  
That patience and time would restore him to health,  
For his life he had nothing to fear.



With unwearied attention he sat by his side,  
And anxiously waited to know,  
If in climbing he fell, or in mischief was hurt,  
Or another had given the blow.

And as eagerly too did his invalid friend,  
To his mother and William relate,  
The cause of his sufferings, and how he was found  
In so sad and so helpless a state.

He had hasten'd, he said, in his play-hour at  
noon,  
To the strawberry bank in the wood,  
For some ripe ones, to take to his sister at home,  
Who was ill, and they might do her good.

As he climb'd some high rocks in his search for  
the fruit,  
And held by the trees that hung o'er,



He slipp'd, the branch broke, and he fell to the  
ground,

But he knew and remember'd no more.

His name too he told, and the place where he liv'd,  
And quickly young William ran there,  
To tell his good mother her son was now safe,  
And from them would receive ev'ry care.

Delighted to hear of her Jemmy again,  
She gratefully thank'd his kind friend,  
Who promis'd to bring him, himself, to his home,  
As he knew he would speedily mend.

THE END.









